



ALWAYS IN THE LEAD.

THE PALACE CLOTHING STORE

—OF—

SIMON ROTHSCHILD,

Is selling CLOTHING, GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, etc.

CHEAPER THAN ANY HOUSE IN ABILENE. FOLLOW THE CROWD AND YOU WILL STOP AT THE CHEAPEST STORE IN ABILENE, WHICH IS SIMON ROTHSCHILD'S Palace Clothing Store.

To convince you of this fact I would be pleased to show you, at any time, the most complete assortment in this line of goods in the city of Abilene. As I make Clothing a specialty, I can safely say, without exaggerating in the least, that I can at any time sell you a suit and save you from \$3 to \$5. To convince you of this fact notice the price list and call and examine goods before going elsewhere.

PRICE LIST.

MEN'S SUITS. From 37 to 42 Size.	YOUTHS SUITS. From 34 to 37 Size.	MEN'S OVERCOATS. From 37 to 42 Size.	YOUTHS OVERCOATS. From 34 to 37 Size.
Sattinet suits,..... worth \$ 8 for \$ 4	Sattinet suits,..... worth \$ 6 for \$ 4	Sattinet Overcoats,..... worth \$ 4 for \$ 2	Sattinet Overcoats,..... worth \$ 4 for \$ 2
Union Cassimere suits,..... " 10 " 8	Sattinet suits,..... " 8 " 5	Sattinet Overcoats,..... " 8 " 4	Sattinet Overcoats,..... " 6 " 4
Union Cassimere suits,..... " 12 " 8	Union Cassimere suits,..... " 10 " 8	Sattinet double faced Overcoats,..... " 10 " 6	Sattinet double faced Overcoats,..... " 8 " 6
All Wool Cassimere suits,..... " 15 " 10	Union Cassimere suits,..... " 15 " 12	Sattinet double faced Overcoats,..... " 12 " 8	Sattinet double faced Overcoats,..... " 10 " 8
All Wool Cassimere suits,..... " 18 " 12	All wool suits,..... " 18 " 15	All Wool Cassimere Overcoats,..... " 15 " 12	All wool double faced Overcoats,..... " 12 " 10
Extra Fine all wool suits,..... " 20 " 16	All wool suits,..... " 20 " 18	All Wool Cas. ex. heavy Over.,..... " 20 " 15	All wool double faced Overcoats,..... " 15 " 12
Extra Fine all wool suits,..... " 22 " 18	English worsted suits,..... " 25 " 20	All Wool Cas. ex. heavy Over.,..... " 22 " 19	Fancy double faced Overcoats,..... " 18 " 15
Extra Fine all wool suits,..... " 25 " 20	English worsted suits,..... " 30 " 25	English Worsted Overcoats,..... " 25 " 20	Fancy double faced Overcoats,..... " 20 " 16
English Worsted suits,..... " 30 " 25	Custom made suits, nobly goods,..... " 35 " 25	English Melton Overcoats,..... " 30 " 25	English Worsted Overcoats,..... " 25 " 20
Custom made suits in fine cassimere and worsted, worth \$30 for \$25; worth \$40 \$30.		English Beaver Overcoats,..... " 40 " 30	English Melton Overcoats,..... " 30 " 25

I mean business. Come and see me at the PALACE CLOTHING STORE, on Broadway corner Third Street.

OGDEN, WENTWORTH & HILL,

DEALERS IN

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

Tinware, Table and Pocket Cutlery.

No Fancy Prices!

To Sportsmen—We have in stock a fine line of breech and muzzle loading guns, all kinds of gun fixtures and ammunition.

The Farmers—Would do well to notice our large line of Furst & Bradley and N. C. Thompson Plows, the Thompson Mowers, and the Schuttler and Whitewater Wagons.

Garland Stoves and Ranges—An immense line of them always on hand.

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET IRON WORK MANUFACTURED ON SHORT NOTICE.

Remember the Place—Corner Broadway & Third.

(No. 1—3m)



City Mills.

S. A. FLENNER has rented of Mr. Humphrey his interest in the CITY MILLS, and on and after Nov. 1st, 1883, the business will be carried on by

STODDARD & FLENNER.

Farmers who have wheat in store have been credited on our books with the balance due on November 1st.

STODDARD & FLENNER.

AT REDUCED PRICES.

I have bought the stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES

at Kenyon's and will continue to sell at greatly reduced prices until the present stock is closed out. You are invited to call and see me at Kenyon's store.

T. S. BARTON.

Paint! Paint!! Contract with Lancaster & McDowell for your painting. Place of business over City Blacksmith Shop. Satisfaction in every respect guaranteed.

Orders for job work executed on short notice at the REFLECTOR office, and at "live and let live" prices. Give us an order.

Senator SABIN, Chairman of the National Republican Committee, authorized the *Journal* to define his position as regards the public finances as follows: In his opinion payments on the national debt should cease; in fact, it should have ceased a year ago. He favors the issue of two per cent. fifty year bonds by the Government, into which all bonds of other denominations should be converted as they mature or are called in. These bonds could be used as the basis for bank issues. Accompanying this measure there should be a repeal of the one per cent tax on bank circulation now existing. This would make the interest on the new bonds equivalent to the banks to three per cent., and he thought a majority of the banks would readily take them, especially if allowed, as they should be, to issue circulation upon their full face or par value.

Fatal Cold.

The cold wave of last week almost paralyzed business, and entailed a great deal of suffering upon the unfortunate poor. So far as dumb animals were concerned, probably the following dispatch from Chicago, dated Jan. 4th, relates the most distressing case: "Extremely cold weather yesterday and last night, retarded all passenger and freight trains. The mails from all quarters of the country are delayed in their arrival to-day from one to sixteen hours. Eleven miles southwest of the stock yards on the Wabash road stands a stock train of twenty cars with farming and freezing live stock. The train was snowed under and stalled Tuesday night since which time it is believed the animals were without food and water. A rescuing party drove within three miles of the belated train, then abandoned the sleighs and walked the remainder of the way. Although several engines have been sent down the train could not be reached. The party returned, several of whom were badly frost-bitten. The rescuing party succeeded in reaching the snow bound train on the Wabash road late this afternoon. Of the twenty cars of live stock all were cattle save two or three ears of hogs. Some cattle were found frozen, and others partly frozen were immediately killed. The exact number thus killed is not ascertained. The remainder of the cattle were fed and cared for by the railroad company, who are making every effort to bring them through. Another large force of men were sent out to-day on an offer of 50 cents an hour. Arriving near the train they refused to go to work. They could not see ten paces ahead for the drifts of snow. They returned nearly frozen.

The bivolous person who said that he had "a bright prospect" before him, was told that it would always be there, unless he swore off or chalked his nose.

Plumb's Poker Bill.

Chicago Times: Senator Plumb has introduced a bill for the suppression of gambling in the army, and the amount of indignation which the measure has already stirred up in the military poker clubs in Washington faintly indicates the amount of consternation that would be created by its passage. Poker is understood to be the chief pastime of army life, and its suppression would cause hardships beside which those of an Apache campaign sink into insignificance. As a result of devotion to the game, our soldiers have become the most expert poker players in the world, and even the splendid armies of Germany would be defeated with great loss if they should ever encounter the American soldiery in this noble and interesting game. Mr. Plumb's course is un-American and heartless. His soul has never been moved by the exceeding beauty of a straight flush, and his being has never been thrilled with the delight of raking in a jack-pot. Moreover, his bill will render our frontier troops powerless to settle the Indian question, as they are in a fair way of doing, by teaching the noble red men to play poker and then winning their clothes, arms and ammunition.

There are ex-Governors and ex-Governors, but there is only one BEN BUTLER, and as an ex-Governor he will stand out proudly from among the pale politicians to whom that name of "ex" is most appropriate. The Massachusetts people are not sure how long he will be an "ex." The truly wise and good among them, of course, are glad to be temporarily rid of The Old Man. But they know that The Old Man is preternaturally lively, and that he may feel inclined to have a still larger amount of fun with the natives. They hope he will nurse his little boom for the Presidency, and will throw ambition in regard to the seat of majesty beneath the gilded dome and the protecting codfish. But he is a very uncertain quantity, and fond of surprises. He may treat the wise and good of Massachusetts to another great surprise. He may insist on running for Governor again, and on being elected again. He is a dangerous man, and polls a big vote.

"The other morning," says the Clarks-ville (Mo.) *Sentinel*, "four boys were sitting on a work-bench near the depot, laughing and talking and bantering each other for a foot-race. A *Sentinel* reporter had the curiosity to approach them and obtain their names and ages, which were as follows: Andrew Pegan, aged 77; John Juett, aged 79; S. A. Edwards, aged 83, and Henry Scooler, aged 84."

The Harbor Grace Riot.

A *Statecraft* Priest Saves his Bishop from being thrown over a Cliff.

The excitement in the public mind in Conception Bay has somewhat abated. What is said to be authentic intelligence of the Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, Orange and Roman Catholic riot is now at hand. The following is the latest version:

The Orangemen walked out on the morning of St. Stephen's Day, and got as far as the turn at Paddy McGrath's house, leading down from Harvey street to Water street. They had just arrived at the bridge, and the band was playing "Boys of Water," when they were met by a mob and told to come no further, but to go back. The Roman Catholics were arranged in line, those in the front ranks having pickets in their hands, and it had been determined to use no other weapons unless in self-defense. They fought with these until Head Constable Doyle was shot down, as was Patrick Callahan from the south side Harbor Grace. Then went up the cry: "All hands look out!" and in an instant off went a rattling volley from several guns. Four men fell dead and fourteen were badly wounded. The rest of the Orangemen fled like sheep, bearing off their scarfs and leaving behind their flags and banners. Young Pat Dermody tore their flags in strips and planted green flags in their place. He was fired at by an Orangeman who was running away, and was wounded.

When the fleeing Orangemen got down into the city in safe quarters they began breaking the windows in the houses of Roman Catholics, and tearing down the shutters of those whose houses were closed. They broke the shop windows of John Hennessey and attacked William Hennessey on the streets. They stopped the horses of Dr. McDonald, the Roman Catholic Bishop, later in the day, while he was visiting the wounded men at Bear's Cove, and they attempted to throw him over a precipitous cliff near Courage's Beach, but were prevented by Father Rowe, a herculean Irish priest, who inflicted a severe blow on the head of one of his assailants with a leaden-handled whip and dispersed the rest. The Bishop and Father Rowe had to be escorted the remainder of their journey by mounted police. Old John Schully got a severe beating from the Orangemen. No Roman Catholic is now safe even in his own house. The Orangemen are thirsting for blood. Bill Thomas, a notorious character, keeps singing out from his house, "Have blood for blood!"

There are two rules to follow in skimming milk: If the cream is to be sold, skim deep; if the milk is to be sold, skim deep. Never fail to skim deep.

Paying Blaine.

Globe-Democrat.

Mr. Cessna of Pennsylvania implored Mr. Blaine, while the latter was Speaker, to make him Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Blaine declined, and gave the place to another man.

A year or two later the Cincinnati Convention came along. Mr. Cessna was a delegate. "I want to be Chairman of the Committee on Rules," said Mr. Cessna to the anti-Blaine men in Cincinnati, "and if I don't beat Blaine you may take my head for a foot-ball." Cessna was made Chairman of the Committee on Rules, and in that capacity made a report to the effect that after any State had cast their vote for President that vote could not be changed until after the result of the whole ballot had been announced. Very few in the Convention saw the import of this rule when it was reported and adopted but it, and it alone, beat James G. Blaine as a Presidential nominee.

The original plan of the Blaine men was to force a nomination on the first ballot—to get enough changes from complimentaries to Blaine to make the latter's nomination certain before the result was announced. The Cessna rule stopped all that. The stampede to Blaine could not be started, and Blaine was beaten.

"I guess," said Mr. Cessna, as he witnessed the operation of his own scheme, "Jim Blaine is not much ahead of me now."

The decline from the high-water mark of annual immigration, which had already begun in 1882, continued throughout the year which has just closed. The falling off at Castle Garden for 1883, compared with the twelve month preceding, is, in round numbers, about 66,000. Every month showed a decline from the corresponding one of the year previous, except June, when two thousand more immigrants arrived than during the June of 1882. This unexpected result caused some speculation at the time as to whether the tide had not again begun to turn; but it soon became apparent that the lowest notch had not been reached. It is quite possible that the rate of immigration will continue to fall off during the year 1884, or at least during its early months.

One of Mr. Arthur's Sorrows.

New York World.

It is said in Washington that President Arthur is in great trouble because the umbrellas and canes presented to him on Christmas do not match his trousers and neckties.

"Sarah," said a mother to her daughter, "has Henry proposed yet?" "Not yet, ma, but I think he will before many days." "What makes you think so?" "Because he asked me if you expected to live with me if I married, and I told him, no."

A Good Bear Story.

A well-known gentleman of Little Rock purchased an enormous black bear. A friend who heard of the purchase went to the Colonel—of course he was a Colonel—and said:

"Hear that you've got the biggest bear in the country?"

"Got a whale, let me tell you."

"Well, I'll tell you what I want. I've got the finest bull-dog in the South. I gave one hundred dollars for him the other day, and up to this time he has whipped two bears. I want him to fight your bear."

"I don't believe he could whip him."

"Yes he can. A large bull dog can whip a bear at any time. I'll bring him around to-morrow."

Next day the gentleman and the dog called on the Colonel and the bear. The bear was chained to a tree in a grove, and when the dog saw him he wanted to eat him without ceremony.

"Here," said the Colonel, "I don't want the bear to get away after he chews the head off your dog, so you'll have to hold on one end of the chain."

"Blamed if I do. I'll tell you what to do. Tie the dog to one end of the chain and let the bear take care of the other end."

This was agreed upon, and the dog was soon tugging at his end of the line, anxious to open the engagement. The bear whined and looked far away. It was evident that he didn't relish the coming performance. When everything was ready the dog was liberated. He darted at the bear and caught him by the ham. The bear shook him off, but instead of resenting the insult, he turned and began to climb a tree, dragging the dog after him. He went out on a limb, and before the Colonel and the gentleman could realize the turn of affairs, the dog was suspended ten feet from the ground.

"Why, he'll kill my dog," howled the gentleman.

"I reckon he will," the Colonel replied.

The bear stretched out a limb, looking down at the dog, whose struggles were becoming weaker.

"Climb up the tree, Colonel, and take the chain from the bear's neck."

"No, I'd rather not. Don't like the way he looks at the dog. Suppose you go up."

"Blamed if I do. I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for that dog. The bear is afraid of him, too, don't you think?" "Shouldn't wonder, as he seems to be keepin' out of the dog's way."

By this time the dog's tongue was hanging out, and it was plain to be seen that he was dead. After awhile the bear came down, smelled of the dog, whined, sat down and looked far away. —Dallas Herald.